the twinkling. *Exit Clowne.*

Baſſ. I pray thee good *Leonarde* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed
Returne in haſt, for I doe feaſt to night
My beſt eſteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. My beſt endeuours ſhall be done heerein. *Exit Leonarde.*

Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Where's your Maiſter.

Leonar. Yonder ſir he walkes.

Grati. Signior *Baſſanio.*

Baſſ. Gratiano.

Gra. I haue ſute to you.

Baſſ. You haue obtaind it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt goe with you to Belmont.

Baſſ. Why then you muſt but heare thee *Gratiano,*
Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appeare not faults
But where thou art not knowne, why there they ſhow
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſtie
Thy skipping ſpirit, leaſt through thy wild behauiour
I be miſconſtred in the place I goe to,
And looſe my hopes.

Gra. Signor *Baſſanio,* heare me,
If I doe not put on a ſober habite,
Talke with reſpect, and ſweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is ſaying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay amen:
Vſe all the obſeruance of ciuillity
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, neuer truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we doe to night.

Baſſ. No that were pitty,

I would

I would intreate you rather to put
Your boldeſt ſute of mirth, for w
That purpoſe merriment: but fa
I haue ſome buſines.

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenſo* a
But we will viſite you at ſupper ti

Enter Ieſſica *a*

Jeſſica. *I* am ſorry thou wilt lea
Our houſe is hell, and thou a mer
Didſt rob it of ſome taſt of tedio
But far thee well, there is a ducat
And *Launcelet,* ſoone at ſupper ſ
Lorenſo, who is thy new Maiſters
Giue him this Letter, doe it ſecre
And ſo farwell: I would not hau
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibi
gan, moſt ſweete Iewe, if a Chri
get thee, *I* am much deceaued; b
ſomthing drowne my manly ſpiri

Jeſſica. Farwell good *Launcele*
Alack, what heynous ſinne is it in
To be aſhamed to be my Father
But though *I* am a daughter to h
I am not to his manners: ô *Lore*
Yf thou keepe promiſe *I* ſhall en
Become a Chriſtian and thy loui

Enter Gratiano, Lorenſ

Loren. Nay, we will ſlinke aw
Diſguiſe vs at my lodging, and r

Gratia. We haue not made go

Salari. We haue not ſpoke vs

Solanio. Tis vile vnleſſe it may
And better in my minde not vn

Loren. Tis now but foure of c

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